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HOLESALE AND RETA
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NEW STORE ROOM,
ON MAIN STREET,
A large Assortment of
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ially selected for this market.
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PERFUMERIES,
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MARBLE BUILDING,
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REIGN AND DOMESTIC
RUGS, CHEMICALS,
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e has a very full and varied assortment
he best and purest quality. He would also
he attention of the Profession to his un-
large Stock of
RGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
with care, and made by the most eminent
cturers, and with all the latest improve-
uld commend to the notice of those in search
TOILETTE ARTICLES,
every variety, English and French, to which
ent of
RFUMERIES,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,
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as replenished this Establishment with a
ply of the choicest
DIES, WINES, AND GIN
so prepared to fill all orders for
ss and other Mineral Waters
he is the sole Agent for St. Louis,
ck of MEDICINE CHESTS and SID-
S is large, and has been selected with
ference to the
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THE PLAINS.

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WHOLESALE
OKSELLERS, STATIONERS,
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TATIONERY,
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elected with the greatest care, and is
in the West. Having an
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ure all kinds of Blank Books to order,
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UFACTURE High and Low
ure Steam Engines, Boilers, sheet Iron
nd Grist Mill Machinery, Tobacco and
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Circular Saw Mills of the Pace and
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the herd at the Hot Spring
two BLACK MULES, branded H S
der, and R H on near thigh. Suppose
e towards Salt Lake City. $20 reward
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ROBT. HEREFORD.

NOTICE.
ring taken the house formerly
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will in future be well supplied with
nt of goods, and one of the Partners
l the time. Our friends will please
GILBERT & GERRISH.

NOTICE.
artnership heretofore ex-
tween the undersigned at CAMP
by dissolved by mutual consent.
Co., at Camb Floyd are authorized
ssines P. H. DYER.
GILBERT & GERRISH.

EW GOODS.
ld respectfully announce
tizens of Salt Lake City and Val-
now receiving and opening, next
ssrs. Gilbert & Gerrish, and at
large stock of Merchandize, which
d with great care, expressly for this
ch we are determined to sell as low
the c ty.
to Ladies the that we have a large
ods, suitable to their wants, and
e pleased to have them call and
DYER, BRO. & CO.
OK STOVES for sale
40-tf DYER BRO. & CO.
3S. SHEET IRON, for
by DYER, BRO. & CO.
150 yoke of CATTLE
xchange for Country Produce.
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213

THE VALLEY TAN.

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VOLUME 2. GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1859. NUMBE

THE VALLEY TAN

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

STEPHEN DeWOLFE.

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The Way of the World.

Some years ago, when I was young,
And filled with hope and pride and folly
The sorrow came, and o're me flung
Its gloomy pall of melancholy,
And a friend of just my years;
I loved him with a deep devotion:
His griefs and joys, his hopes and fears,
Produced in me a like emotion.

We toiled for years to win a name,
Through sleepless nights and days of trouble,
To learn this truth at last, that Fame
Is but an empty, air-blown bubble.
My friend sought wealth, and often wrote
That he was rich and loved me dearly;
And always closed his friendly note
With, "Yours most truly and sincerely."

And once he wrote: "My dear old Chum,
If you are short—now, don't be silly—
Just drop a line, and name the sum
To me, your friend and crony, Willie."
But still, I have a foolish pride
To keep from him my little pinches:
Well ke, it possible, to hide
Our wants from one who never flinches.

And thus I labored late and long,
Until my hopes and nerves were shattered,
Until my health, which never strong,
Gave out, and then my friends soon scattered;
For they had learned that I was poor:
Now penury is not disgraceful;
But to the rich, it shuts the door,
And makes its victim seem distasteful.

And now, I thought, since health has flown,
My ancient, wealthy friend will aid me.
A small amount, a trifling loan
From one so true, will not degrade me.
For still he wrote, that better far
He loved me than a blood relation;
He talked about his "lucky star,"
His wife and means, his wealth and station.

Then with a faltering pen, one day,
(I had not nerve to do it boldly,)
I wrote: "I have my rent to pay,"
Nor dreamed that he would take it coldly.
I waited long; I watched the mail,
Till all my clothes were growing seedy;
It came at last: I read (in jail)
"Foe nearer friends just twice as needy,"

Thus ended one of boyhood's dreams,
As many a dream before has ended:
Friendship is rarely what it seems—
With money often closely blended.
I left my books and earned my bread
By earnest, patient, healthy labor,
And sleep serenely in my bed,
Nor owe a dime to friend or neighbor.
The moral here is easy shown,
If they who read will only heed it:
To test a friend, just ask a loan
Of money when you really need it.
Another lesson may be learned,
Unaided by the light of science;
That gold and fame are only earned
By patient toil and self-reliance.

[*Knickerbocker.*

The La Mountain Balloon Voyage.

Narrative of Mr. Haddock, a Companion of the Trip.

The public has already been informed of the safe arrival at Ottawa, in Canada, on the 3rd instant, of Mr. La Mountain and Mr. Haddock, who ascended in the balloon *Atlantic*, from Watertown, New York, on the 22d of September, and for whose safety much fear was felt. The Watertown Courier of October 5th contains a long report of the voyage of the Atlantic and the wanderings and sufferings of the balloonists. The account, written by Mr. Haddock, is interesting. The balloonists were up in the air from four to five hours, when, finding themselves over a dense wilderness and the darkness of night around them, they concluded to descend. They did so, and passed the night in the balloon fastened to the top a tall spruce tree and exposed to a drenching rain. After daylight they prepared for another ascension. But here we leave Mr. Haddock to speak for himself:

"After a night spent in great discomfort we were glad to see the first faint ray of daylight. Cold and wet and rainy the morning broke, the typical precurser, we were to learn, of other mornings to be spent in these uninhabited wilds. We waited until six o'clock in hopes the rain would cease, and that the rays of the sun, by warming the gas in the balloon, would give us ascending power sufficient to get up again, for the purpose, if no other, of obtaining a view of the country into which we had descended. The rain did not cease, and we concluded to throw over all we had in the balloon except a coat apiece, the life-preservers, the anchor, and the compass. Overboard then they went—good shawls and blankets, Mr. Fayle's overcoat, bottles of ale and a flask of cordial, ropes and traps of all kinds.

"The Atlantic, relieved of her wet load, rose majestically with us, and we were able to behold the country below. It was an unbroken wilderness of lakes and spruce—and we felt then that we had gone too far, through a miscalculation of the velocity of the balloon.

"As the current was driving us still to the north, we dare not stay up, as we were drifting further and still further to that 'frozen tide,' from which we knew there was no escape. Mr. La Mountain seized the valve cord and discharged the gas, and we descended in safety by the side of a large spruce. We made the Atlantic fast by her anchor and for a moment talked over what we should do. We had not a mouthful to eat; no protection at night from the damp ground, were distant we knew not how far from habitation, were hungry to start with, no earthly hope of of raising a fire, and no distant idea as to where we were.

"We settled in our minds that we were in John Brown's tract or in the great Canada wilderness—to the south, we thought, of Ottawa, and knew that a course south by east would take us out if we had strength enough to travel the distance. La Mountain stepped up to the balloon and gave the edge of the basket a parting shake, saying, 'Good bye, old Atlantic,' and I fancied I could see a tear in his honest eye when he said it.

"To the southeast, then, we started. After traveling about a mile and a half we came to the bank of a small creek, flowing down from the westward. At this point we were agreeably surprised to find that some human being had been there before us; for we found several small trees cut down, the coals from an old fire, and a half barrel which had contained pork. I eagerly examined the stamp. It read, 'Mess Pork, P. M., Montreal.' This settled the question that we were in Canada; for I very well knew that no Montreal inspection of pork ever found its way into the interior of New York State. We traveled all day Friday up the unknown creek, which kept its general course to the south of west, crossing it about noon on a floating log, and striking on its southern bank a 'blazed' track, which led us up to a deserted timber road, lying on the opposite side from a large lumbering shanty. We hoped one of the lumber roads might take us out to a settlement, but after traveling up them all until they terminated in the wilderness, we concluded to cross the creek to the shanty and stay in it all night. La Mountain got across safely, but my weight was greater than his, and the raft let me into the stream. I sank in all over and swam out, though it required all my strength to do so; and on reaching the bank I found myself so chilled as scarcely to be able to stand. I took off my clothes, wrung them, and we proceeded to the shanty, where we found plenty of refuse straw, but it was dry, and under a pile of it we crawled, pulling it over our heads and faces, in the hope that our breath might aid in warming our chilled bodies. I think the most revengeful, stoney heart would have pitied our condition then.

"The weary hours of night at last wore away, and we held a new council. It was evident, we reasoned, that the creek we were upon was used for 'driving' logs in the spring season. If, then, we followed it to its confluence with the Ottawa, or some stream which empties into the Ottowa, we could in time get out the same way the timber went out. The roof of the shanty was covered with the halves of logs, scooped out in a manner familiar to all woodmen.—These were light and dry, and would form an excellent raft. Why not, then, take four of these, tie them to cross pieces by wythes and such old things as we could find around the shanty, and pole the structure down to that civilization which a saw log ought to reach? Such was the course we adopted. We dragged the logs down to the creek, and La Mountain tied them together, as he was evidently more a sailor than myself. We got under way, and as we pushed off a crow set up a dismal cawing—an inauspicious sign, and ominous of the great trials and sufferings in store for us. We polled down stream about ten miles and came abruptly upon an immense pine tree which had fallen across the stream, completely blocking the passing of the raft. No other alternative was left but to untie the pieces, and attempt to push them through under the log. This we at last did; tied the raft together again, and polled down stream. To-day we eat each a raw frog, all we could find, and began to feel that we were hungry. But there was no complaining—our talk was of the hopeful future and the civilization we hoped yet to reach. Down the creek we went into a lake some two miles long, and into which we of course supposed the stream passed, having its outlet at the other end.—We followed down the northern bank, keeping always in shallow spots, so that our poles could touch the bottom, until we arrived at the bottom of the lake, where we found no outlet, and turned back upon the southern bank in quest of it.

"On reaching the head of the lake we found that the current of the creek turned abruptly to the right, which was the reason of our losing it.—We felt happy to have found it again, and plied our poles like heroes. We passed during the day the spot where we had first struck the creek, and where we had made a slight land mark which might afterwards aid us in finding the Atlantic, should we ever wish to do so in order to get her home. At night we did not stop, but kept the raft going down through the shades of awful forests, whose solemn stillness seem to hold the unrevealed mystery of our darkening future.—About ten o'clock it began to rain again. We stopped the 'vessel' and crawled in under some 'tag' alders on the bank, where our extreme weariness enabled us to get, perhaps, half an hour's sleep. Rising again, (for it was easier to pole at night in the rain down an unknown stream than to lie on the ground and freeze,) we pressed on for a couple of hours, until about three o'clock, when pure exhaustion induced us to stop again. This time we found a spot where the clayey bank lacked a little of coming down to the water. On the mud we threw our little bundle of straw, and sat down with our feet drawn up under us, so that our bent bodies presented as little surface as possible for the rain to beat upon.

"But we could not stand such an uncomfortable position long, and as the daylight of the Sabbath broke upon us we were poling down the stream with a drizzling rain. At 8 o'clock we came to a place where the stream canoned—rushing over a stony bed, down a steep descent, between high rocks on either bank. To get our raft down this place we regarded as hopeless. We tied up and examined the shore. Here again we found unmistakable evidence of lumbermen, as they had evidently camped at this point, to be handy by in the attempts they were doubtless obliged to make to get the timber down the canon. The rapids were about a third of a mile long, and in all the rapids of Black river there is nothing so wild and romantic as these.—We ascended the bank and thought it best to try our luck on foot. After traveling about a mile we found the bank so tangled and ruggy and ourselves so much exhausted that locomotion was impossible; so we concluded to go back, and if we could get the raft down a piece at a time we would go on with her; if not we would build as good a place as possible to crawl into, and prepare for death.

"We went back, and after examining the stream attentively, concluded to try to get the raft down. We at once commenced, and I freely confess this the most trying and laborious work of a life of labor. The pieces would not float more than a rod at a time before they would stick on some stone which the low water left above the surface, and then you must pry it over in some way and pass it along to the next obstruction. We were obliged to get into the stream, often up to the middle, and there I several times fell headlong, completely using up our compass, which now frantically pointed in any direction its addled head thought desirable.—The water had unglued the case, and it was ruined. After long hours of such labor we got the raft down, and La Mountain again tied it together. Passing on in about an hour we came to a large lake—ten miles long and six miles broad. Around it we must of course pass until we should find the outlet. So we turned up to the right, and pressed on with as much resolution as could be expected.—To-day we found one clam, which I insisted La Mountain should eat, as he was weaker than myself, and had eat little or nothing on the day we went up. Around we went into all the indentations of the shore, keeping always in shallow water. At last we stopped at a place we thought least exposed to the wind. We laid down upon the cold ground, having lifted up the end of our raft so that the wind might not drift it away in the night. We were cold when we laid down, and both of us trembled by the hour, like men suffering from a severe attack of the ague. The wind had risen just at night, and the dismal surging of the waves upon this shore formed, I thought, a fitting ullaby to slumber so disturbed and dismal as ours.—By this time our clothes were nearly torn off. My pantaloons were slit up both legs, and the waistband nearly torn off. My boots both leaked, and our mighty wrestlings in the canon had torn the skin from ankles and hands. La Mountain's hat was gone the first day out; he had thrown away his woollen drawers and stockings the first day of our [illegible] by the weight of water they absorbed. We slept but little. It really seemed as though, during that night, we passed through the horrors of a dozen deaths.

"At daylight we got up by degrees, first on one knee and then on the other, so stiff and weak that we could hardly stand. Again upon the almost endless lake we went, following round its shore for an outlet. About ten o'clock we found a broad northern stream which we thought was the outlet we were seeking, and we entered it with great joy, believing it would take us to our long-sought Ottawa. Shortly after entering the stream it widened out and assumed the form of a lake. We poled up the westerly shore for about seven miles, but found we were again deceived.

"It had now been four full days since we ate a meal. All we had ate in the mean time was a frog apiece, four clams, and a few wild berries, whose acid properties and bitter taste had probably done us more harm than good. Our strength was beginning to fail very fast, and our systems were evidently about to undergo an extraordiany change. I did not permit myself to think of food—the thought of a well covered table would have been too much. I thought over all poor Strain's sufferings on the Isthmus of Darien, where he, too, was paddling a raft down an unknown stream; but never believed we could stand half the amount of suffering he did. Besides, he had the means to make a fire; we had none. He was upon a stream which he knew would lead to the sea and safety; we were upon waters whose flow we knew really nothing of, and were as much lost as though in the mountans of the moon.

"But we 'could not give it up so,' and took fresh courage as troubles appeard to thicken. We turned the raf around, and poled her back toward the place where we had entered tis last lake. We had gone about a mile when we heard the sound of a gun, quickly followed by a second report. No sound was ever so sweet to me as that. We halloed as loud as we could a good many times, but could get no response. We kept our poles going, and had gone about a half a mile, when I called La Mountain's attention to what I thought was a smoke curling up among the trees on the side of a hill. My own eyesight had begun to fail me to an extent that I could not depend upon it when a long steady gaze was necessary. He said it was smoke, and that he thought just below it, on the bank, was a bark canoe. In a few moments the blue smoke rolled gently but unmistakably above the tree tops, and we felt that we were saved. Such a revulsion of feeling was almost too much for us. We could hardly believe our own senses, and credited anything favorable to our condition with the utmost caution. Our bitter disappointments had taught us that lesson,

"We paddled the raft with the ends of our poles directly across the lake, near perhaps three-fourths of a mile wide, and made for the canoe. It proved to be a large one, evidently an Indian's. Up to the bank I pressed, leaving La Mountain at the canoe to cut off a retreat by the Indian in case he was timid, and wished to avoid us. I came at once upon the shanties of a lumbering wood, and from the chimney of the furthest building a broad volume of smoke was rising. I halloed; a noise was heard inside, and a noble-looking Indian came to the door. 'Vous parlez Francias?, was my inquiry, as I grasped his outstretched hand. Yes, sir, and English too.' He drew me into the cabin, and there was the head of the party, a noble-hearted Scotchman, named Angus Cameron. I immediately told my story—that we came in with a balloon, were lost and had been four days without food—asking where we were. Imagine my surprise when he said that we were one hundred and fifty miles due north of Ottowa, in the dense, uninhabited forest, whose only limit was the Arctic circle. In a word, we were nearly three hundred and ninety miles in a due north course from Watertown, in lattitude 47.

"Dinner was all ready. The party consisted of four persons—Mr. Cameron, and his assistant, who was also named Cameron, and Mab Mac-Dougall, a half breed, and his son Beauceil. I dispatched the young Indian after La Mountain, who came in after a moment the absolute picture of wretchedness. All that the cabin contained was tendered us, and we begun to eat. Language is inadequate to express our sensation while doing so. The clouds had all lifted from our sombre future, and the 'silver lining' shone all the brighter for the deep darkness through which we had passed.

"Here let me state that the stream we came down so far with our raft is called Fillman's Creek; the large lake we sailed around is called Boskетong Lake, and drains into Boskетong river—which flows into the Gatineau. The Gatineau joins the Ottawa opposite Ottawa City. Mr. Cameron assured us that these streams are so torturous, and in many places so rapid, that no set of men could get a raft down, no matter how well they knew the country, nor how much provisions they might have.—He regarded our deliverance as purely providential, and many times remarked that we would certainly have perished but for seeing his smoke."

Commerce with Japan.

The following is the concluding portion of an able and interesting paper read by Mr. Laurence Oliphant, on Japan, in the Geographical Section of the British Association at Aberdeen, on the 16th of September:

"From the little we know of the internal resources of Japan, it is probable that we should find a more profitable source of trade in its mineral than its vegetable productions. Unless we have been totally misinformed these former are of vast extent and great value. We know that the principle profits of the early Portuguese settlers were derived from the export of gold and silver. So lucrative was it that Kinipfes remarks: 'It is believed that, had the Portuguese enjoyed the trade of Japan but twenty years longer, upon the same footing as they did for some time, such riches would have been transported out of this Ophir to Macao, and there would have been such a plenty and flow of gold and silver in that town as sacred writ mentions there was at Jerusalem in the times of Solomon.' At a later period the Dutch carried on this traffic to so great an extent that a native political economist, writing in 1708 on the subject, computes the annual exportation of gold at about 150,000 cobangs, so that in ten years the empire was drained of 1,500,000 cobangs, or about two millions and a half sterling.

"The gold is found in various localities. That procured from Sado has the reputation of being the finest stated that the ore will yield to 2 ozs. of fine metal per ton mines in Garonga are stated rich, the copper ore raised also pregnated with gold. The ore suma yields from 4 ozs. to 6 lb. These are the principle m dust is found in some of the Copper is superabundant, a from the lavish use made of mental purposes. For a long Dutch received at Nagasaki, for their merchandise, Japa This, however, as well as gol l, has been stopped for The Government allows no to be produced now than is a cessary for home consumpti comparatively very small. I us now to develop more full most important elements in of this vast empire.

"By the treaty recently gold and silver coins may from Japan, but not as a exportation of copper coin copper in bars, is prohibit Government engages to sell time, at public auction, quantity of copper that may ed. Iron abounds in vario Japan, the mines of which ar ly worked, much more so at those of copper. Judging o casting of their own const ore must be of excellent qual mens of wrought iron, cast steel, have been examined w tory results. The wrought ally hammered, and in sma varying from twelve to tw each. This is probably to b to a want of proper machine ier bars, and its being bett their purposes. The steel o swords are composed, which ed at Yeddo, was of admir and quality. I have already the local mines which exist in Kinsui—one of them is dista en miles from Nagasaki. Government monopoly. H coal brought for sale, since of trade at Nagasaki, has coal, and consequently infer ty; it is described as smal slaty, leaving considerable very light. There can be that good coal is to be foun land, when the mines begin t ly worked. By the treaty coals, zinc, lead, and tin a ported at a duty of five per c

"The vegetable production which are most probably de come articles of commerce, a isinglass, seaweed, &c. Ar factured articles we may quer ware and porcelain, b most impossible, at this ear our commercial relations, to p their character or extent.

"It would be well to rem while we have achieved sult in thus opening to the prosperous and happy com have also incurred serious towards them, and are bound advantage of their ignoranc perience in their dealings w nations. We can only hope our civilization to them by a high moral standard, both mercial and political interco are sufficiently enlightened t a policy influenced by highe tions than those involved in lation of wealth. Unless we a policy, it is not too much that we shall lose alike thei and respect, and involve complications disastrous t merce, and discreditable to character. Of all the nat East the Japanese are the m ble to civilizing influences; the words of an eminent Chi panese scholar in saying th spect they are far in advance cient neighbors the Chinese, attention is directed to abta edge of other nations. The forts in this way will form security. Their soldiers onc body-guard of the King of consuls once examined Spar Acapulco; their sailors o Dutch Governor out of his h mosa, and carried him pris rulers; their Princes once s bassy to the Pope; their Em defied the vengeance of Port cuting her ambassadors. " edge of these historical eve among them. We may reas for a great preponderance of from an extension of an which has recommenced so Let us indulge the expectati land of the rising sun may n be fitted for taking her place tions, but also among Christ and with all the institutions, and purity of the best of tho

A new shot gun has been Colt's armory which will pro market next winter. It is ma charges on the revolver princ loaded and fired with great f of convenient size and weight, carried through the most dens in the most carless manner, w dent.

☞ The cost of prosecutin Republicans at Oberlin, Ob tempting to resist the law of States, was $24,000. These ers belong to that clas of m continually howling about th pense of the general governm

☞ Despise thou not a s either for evil or good; for work thy ruin, or a word wealth.

VALLEY TAN.
N DEWOLFE, EDITOR.
sday, Nov. 23,1859.

chants of Salt Lake Past and Present.

ous, but apparently studied, us attempt is being made in organs of this city to im- lit of the "gentile" merchants t and trading in this Valley. is referred to do not directly merchants with bankruptcy, much more artful, and as they uppose, more sure way of ng the *coup de grace* to the r merchants than by openly

Thus, intimations concern- gnation of business, shelves h merchandize without cus- uy, empty tills, with urgent ressing round. These, with insinuations are used to ac- hat more direct attacks com- e same source, would be pow- t, even if there was the man- ake them. The last number *et News*, the more able and of these journals, in its lead- l, under the heading of "mer- monetary affairs," indulges and fully, and we believe, in its statements and accusa- ning the credit of our mer- ad, and their standing as citi- han any article we have yet ed in regard to them; and if it wn wherever the *News* circu- is the obedient organ of the urch, opposed to every thing ody that is opposed to that to its foul corruptions, some nents contained in the article night be of injury to the class assailed in it, for nothing is to the touch as credit, and rates more prejudicially to a n than statements calculated distrust and doubts con- er his solvency or integrity. of business men have been fectually and as disastrously tements, as they could have or any other means by which labor may be destroyed; and o every trading and business redit and reputation for hon- tegrity, that the law guards, e jealous care, his business d standing that it throws ivate reputation. This fact the *News* should well know, s of a *judge*, by virtue of a e Territory, conferring upon rts the powers which else- only to courts of common ncery jurisdiction. And if d judge and editor is igno- well known principle of law, y unfit for the duties of the is aware of it, he violates in of editor the rights and sanc- as a judge, it is his duty to protect. In either case he he knows nothing about, in fact untrue, and then at- "report" his own groundless "If reports are true," he reater part of the adventurers have gone home to obtain ex- t of any railroads that have nced, running westward from , nor of any mail facilities, hic line, but of their credit." e this "report," we have "that the greater part of the and traders" who have gone here this fall, went because sposed of their stocks, and occasion for their remaining h the winter. Of the one bers of regular houses here one east, we presume that it fficult for any man to state d gone there to obtain an "ex- their credit," though possibly ght come in to aid the imper- edge of the Editor of the d enable *him* to make the Now we propose, instead of furnish the Editor of the d the public with some *facts* the relative standing of some turers and traders" in this erritory. We have been at trouble to obtain a list of to ascertain what opinions lly held in regard to the mod- of "Mormonism," and also result to themselves, and to ors of these different mercan- ding concerns. Our inquir- sulted in the attainment of the acts:

9 up to the time at which the into this Valley, more than the whole number of firms ntile establishments that tra- Valley, and purchased goods st, amounted to thirty. Of teen firms and single traders tile," ten more were Mormon, n was composed of both Gen- ormon. The Gentile houses paid the full indebtedness for goods purchased at the East; the mixed Mormon and Gentile house did the same, while only two out of the ten Mormon merchants who obtained their goods on credit, have paid the full amount of their indebtedness, without in some way compromising with their creditors, and compounding their debts. One or two of the number paid the principal of their debts, leaving their creditors the loss of several years interest justly due upon them.—Others have paid a bare moety of their indebtedness, while the larger portion of them have paid nothing at all, or an amount so trifling, as to bear scarcely any proportion to the sums which they justly owed. The only two men out of the ten different establishments who paid up fairly and squarely all that they owed, were Mr. Wm. Nixon, ar present a merchant of this city, and Thomas S. Williams Esq., and it gives us pleasure to record the fact concerning them. It is indeed refreshing to meet with such instances of punctuality in the midst of such general defection. These gentlemen have the rare merit of being faithful among the faithless. But of Mr. Williams it must be said, that, although he paid the full amount of his personal liabilities, contracted while engaged in trade by himself, he afterwards formed an unfortunate business alliance with a member of he Mormon church, and the paper of this firm like that of nearly all the houses in which Mormons were concerned, suffered a depreciation, and was at length parted with at a discount, though before this was done, Mr. Williams parted with his interest in the concern at a nominal rate, and his partner assumed the payment of the debts owing by the firm.

We could, if our space permitted, and we thought it necessary, add some interesting *facts* in regard to the manner in which some of these Mormon "adventurers and traders" closed their concerns, and the means adopted by them in conjunction with certain high dignitaries of the Mormon church to chisel their creditors out of the sums which they justly owed; but we forbear at present, believing that we have said enough to close the mouths of those who are in the habit of prating about gentile merchants, and predicting their downfall. If the columns of the Mormon journals here were sometimes employed in urging their own delinquent "adventurers and traders" to pay their honest debts, they would perform a more useful service to justice, than in fabricating statements about the deficiencies of others, and their who know them know that they are innocent of.

One word more in regard to the decline of trade, and the gloomy prospects ahead for the merchants here, and we will dismiss this subject for the present. It is not always proof because a restaurant closes, or men change their boarding houses, that it is owing to a decline or want of success in trade. Other causes sometimes produce such changes. And though the trade here is not so brisk, nor profits so high as they were last year, still nearly, if not all the merchants of this city are doing a fair business, and at remunerative rates.

An advertisement from Jones, Russel & Co., appears in our paper this week, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the capture of the thieves who stole a lot of mules and horses from the mail station on Weber, on the 23d of October last. It is believed that these mules were stolen and driven off with a large lot of other stolen horses and mules, by a party headed by a notorious character who spent last winter and most of the past summer, at Fairfield, near Camp Floyd, and who was known there by the name of Johnson, but whose real name is said by those who knew him to be ASHMORE.—He is said to have fled from California on account of some crime commited there, and to have changed his name in order to elude pursuit. He was last winter dismissed from Camp and denied admittance there, on account of some misdemeanor or violation of the army regulations. He more recently incited a young man or boy known as "Jack" in his employ, to kill another man in Fairfield, and after the arrest of the boy for the act, to rescue him from the guard who had him in charge, by entering a room where they were, late at night, with a drawn pistol in his hand, which he threatened to fire, if resistance was offered to the escape of the boy. His latest crime that we have heard of, is the organization of a band of horse thieves, and the stealing and departure of the gang with a large drove of horses and mules on the Southern road towards California. It is said that the band are being pursued by an experienced party of mountaineers, and the probability is that they will be arrested and brought back. We certainly hope that this will be the case, for Ashmore, or Johnson as he is called, is too precious a scoundrel, and has too much booty with him to get off clear. Let the people of Southern California look out for the appearance of the gang among them, in case they should escape from their pursuers here.

NO MAIL.

The Eastern mail due, and expected here on yesterday, did not arrive. The stage came in but brought no mail. A letter written by one of the contractors, and brought by the party who came with the stage, states that some change in the schedule time of the departure of the the mail, was the cause of no mail being sent by the present stage. No blame is therefore attached to the contractors for the failure. We have generally observed that these changes of time in the arrival and departure of the mails, result in our getting fewer mails than we would if no changes were made, and this *accceedingly* economical administration have done little else for some time past but make changes. The mail facilities of this region are few enough in all conscience since the curtailment of the mail service from a weekly to a semi-monthly mail, without having the slender privileges still further abridged.

THE WEATHER.—The weather for the past week has been about as disagreeable here, as weather well could be; and if the elements possessed any of the perversities and failings of humanity, we should think that each successive day was trying to excel its predecessor in all that makes weather intolerable and odious. Yesterday excelled any of the previous days in the variety and extent of its unpleasant features: it was cold, drizzling, blowing and snowing throughout almost the entire day, and when to all these we add the slosh and mud that covered the streets and sidewalks, some conception, perhaps can be formed by those who were not here to experience it, how really disagreeable the day was.—The whole day seemed fitted and designed to conjure up blue devils, and suited to hardly any other purpose.

MORE HORSE STEALING.—Notwithstanding the departure of the desperado Johnson and his gang of horse thieves, it seems that they have left behind them here many worthy followers of their example. We have been told that there is an organized band of horse thieves, extending throughout the Terrftory, and the frequency and extent to which the practise is carried on, would appear to establish the correctness of the report. We hear almost daily of depredations of the kind being committed, sometimes on a most magnificent scale. Mr. Frederick Burr, we were a day or two since informed, lost in one night, from a ranche about thirty miles north of this city, twenty head of fine Flat-head horses, most of them very valuable. It has been only a short time since Mr. Burr had twenty-two other horses stolen from the same ranche. His losses altogether must be very heavy, if he does not succeed in recovering his stock, and this appears little probable.

We accuse no one with the commission of these extensive thefts, but we do not believe it was done by the *Indians*, or the *gentile merchants* of this city, although they have been charged with meeting in secret conclaves to concoct hellish plots. We *r-a-t-h-e-r* expect and believe that somebody was concerned in it, who is familiar with the secret passes and hiding places that surround these valleys.

[For the Valley Tan.]

MR. EDITOR: As I have seen no answer in your paper to the article published a week or two ago in the *Mountaineer*, in regard to the public lands and military reserves of the Territory, I propose, with your permission, to offer some thoughts on the subject. The authority of the United States to locate on the public lands for the use of the military reserves and other purposes, we believe, has never before been disputed or questioned, until the late proclamation in regard to the reserves about Camp Floyd, Bridger and Bear river was published. This eternal croaking and harping about rights and privileges looks well coming from the mouths of people who are banded together for the purpose of doing all they can to destroy the power of the General Government. What rights can a people have who live in direct violation of all law, both moral, human and divine, to expect from the Government What rights can a people have who liten with eagerness, every Sunday from the pulpit, and we know not how often, to words of blasphemy and high treason, to claim a title to the lands which belong to the free sons and daughters of the Unite States? At a moderate calculation three-fourths of the people in this valley are not citizens. They come to our hspitable shores with money furnished hem by the church, and are hurried across the Plains for fear they will get sou knowledge of the great benefits and privileges that would belong to them if they would remain in the States and become good citizens. But they have taken no oath of allegience, and consequently have no rights, and by their conduct, have forfeited all claim to the respect and protection of the General Government. The day is close at hand, when Congress will take some decisive steps towards driving forth from her territory and domains every live representative of a people, who, under the cloak of a fanatical religion, have taken a solemn oath, administered with mystic rites and awful ceremonies, (which it would be death to divulge,) to raise the bloody standard of treason, whenever called upon to do so by their leader.

Shame on such impudence! Shame on such a people! and a deeper shame than fell on Cain, the first murderer, will be the portion of these leaders. Who is to pay the claims now held against the U. S. Government, for the *millions of dollars* stolen from true and lawful citizens of our country, while passing through their settlements on their way home, rich with the glittering treasure from California? Who is to raise and educate the orphans now in the States, whose parents have fallen victims to Mormon avarice and assassination? Who is to atone for that terrible tragedy, now known throughout the world as more brutal than the celebrated massacre of Wyoming? Who is to support the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters of all the victims whose bones now whiten and bleach uncovered in every kanyon throughout the country? The soil of the valley is wet with the blood of innocent men, whose orphan children are crying aloud to the Government for vengeance; and it will come! Every Senator, Congressman and Representative is now called upon to do something to put down this desperate fraternity; and they will do it. The signs never were better. Congress meets next month; a list of crimes longer and blacker than were ever before recorded against any set of people, will be furnished them. The reports of the Marshal, the Judges, and the Judge, too, will be there. Congress has the right to repeal all laws that she has made; the troops a e on the ground; and it will take but a few words to destroy forever the power of the "Latter day Saints" in Utah.

How Horace Greeley entered California.

Horace Greeley, in a letter from Placerville to the New York *Tribune*, gives a detailed account of his entrance into California from Carson Valley:

From Carson Valley we rose again for two miles, along a narrow road cut into the side of a mountain, with a precipitous descent on the right. Then we began to descend once more, beside a rivulet which leaped and laughed on its way to the Pacific. The ascent from the Carson side is far shorter than the descent this way, Carson Valley being much higher than that of the Sacramento. But the road, even on this side, is, for most of the way, eaten into the side of a steep mountain, with a precipice from five to fifteen hundred feet on one side, and as steep an eminence on the other. Yet along this mere shelf, with hardly a place to each mile where two meeting wagons can pass, the mail stage was driven at the rate of ten miles an hour (in one instance eleven,) or just as fast as four wild California horses, whom two men could scarcely harness, could draw it. Our driver was of course skillful; but had he met a wagon suddenly on rounding one of the sharp points or projections we were constantly passing, a fearful crash was unavoidable. Had his horses seen fit to run away (as they did run once, on the unhooking of a trace, but at a place where he had room to rein them out of the road on the upper side, and thus stop them) I know that he could not have held them, and we might have pitched headlong down a precipice of a thousand feet, where all the concern that could have been picked up afterward would not have been worth two bits per bushel. Yet at this breakneck rate we were driven for not less than four hours or forty miles, changing every ten or fifteen, and raising a cloud of dust through which at all times it was exceedingly difficult to see anything. We crossed the South fork of the American river eighteen miles above this, rising two or three miles immediately after to the summit of the ridge south, and thenceforward the road, nearly to this city, descends steadily a beautifully inclined ridge, and, but for the dust, would be one the finest drives on earth. And right glad was I to find myself once more among friends, surrounded by the comforts of civilization, with a prospect of occasional rest. I cannot conscientiously recommend the route I have traveled to tourists in quest of pleasure, but it is a balm for many bruises to know that I am in California.

A correspondent of the Hamilton (Canada) *Spectator* tells the following anecdote about Wisden, one of the All England Eleven, now here:

"At the St. Lawrence Hotel, at supper, some corn was served along with other dishes, and, being offered to Wisden, he took some. But, how to eat it? Wisden looked round the table, but there was none partaking of corn, so he was left to his own inventive resources. After some meditation, and a cautious survey of the table to see if any were observing him, he took it up boldly and stuck it between his teeth *endwise*. Imagine his disappointment at finding a cob in the middle of the luscious morsel."

[For the Valley Tan.]

The School-house in the Grove.

O, 'twas a lovely place,
That School-house in the grove,
Where first I learned to trace
The names of those I love.
The many hours which there I spent,
Are sacred to my love,
For boys and girls all went
To the School-house in the grove.

'Twas there a gentle miss,
Of blooming, sweet sixteen,
First gave to me the kiss,—
The *kiss* of love I mean.
'Twas there my heart first yearned
For holy, thruthful love;
This was the task I learned
At the School-house in the grove.

But now long years have flown,
Since that eventful day,
The gentle miss has grown
A lady fine and gay;
But O! she loves me not,
While thus I'm forced to rove;
I fear she has forgot
The School-house in the grove.

O. L. B.

READING.—"Nothing," says Dugald Stewart, "has such a tendency to weaken, not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive reading without reflection."

For the proper storing of the mind, and to meet the various events of life, it is important that we should not confine ourselves to a particular class of subjects. Unwilling as we should be to counsel a multifariousness in our reading, we should equally object to an entire adherence to any one class of studies. It is not only necessary to prevent one-sidedness in our views, but likewise to the proper exercise and full development of our mental energies, that our range of reading should be extensive. A proper mixture of the scientific and the literary should be our aim. The course of science and literature is onward. Dissatisfied with the past, we should gather as we can, the new discoveries which are continually occurring, and enrich our minds with the latest intelligence in the domain of truth.

☞ The New York Correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* says that of the fillibusters, the only notable ones left among us are Wheat and Henningson.—In the general topsy-turvying of all their Nicaragua and Cuban plans, these gallant souls don't know what to do with themselves. They may be seen any evening at the St. Nicholas, where they are pointed out to strangers as curious specimens of a race of beings now, alas, nearly extinct.

☞ On the 1st ult. the tomb of Charles XII, was opened in the presence of the King of Sweden, Prince Oscar, and others, by Prof. Fryxell, the Swedish historian. This was done to set at rest the stories which have been afloat about the manner of his death, especially that of assassination. From an examination of the body it was determined that death was caused by a large projectile, which entered the left temple and came out through the right. As Charles was in the trenches before Frederickstein when he fell, with his left side turned toward the enemy, this discovery must, at least, very much reduce the probabilities of assassination.

ST. THOMAS.—The island of St Thomas, reported to have been ceded to the U. States by Denmark, is small in size, being no more than seventeen miles in length, and four and a half in its greatest breadth, but has a fine harbor, and has enjoyed the advantage of being a depot of goods for many neighboring islands. It is annually visited by a very large number of vessels, and has an extensive trade. The population is stated at twelve to thirteen thousand.

"Mrs. Jones," said a gentleman one day last summer, when railroad accidents were so numerous, to a lady whose husband was a brakesman, "Mrs. Jones, do you not feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars, in view of the many accidents that are now daily occurring?" "W-e-l-l n-o—not at all," replied the lady, "for, d'ye see, if he is killed I know I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got $40 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since!"

"Poker" is said to have become quite a fashionable game with the Digger Indians of North California; they are gambling for arrows, pieces of flint, and other small change.

☞ A penny was deposited in the corner stone of a church at Jackson, Mich." last week, that had been taken from a corner stone of a temple in Rome, built during the reign of the first Cæsar.

Daniel Webster's Confession of Faith.

Dr. Smith, of his city, (Concord, N. H.) has put into our hand the following letter of Deniel Webster to Rev. Thomas Worcester, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Salisbury, which is accompanied with a confession of his religious faith, both of which are in his own handwriting. We have seen Mr. Webster's name in the records of the Church in Salisbury, enrolled among its members, if we mistake not, about the time the letter below bears date. He remained a member of that church till his death. The letter and confession were never before published. They are as follows

BOSCAWEN, Aug. 8, 1807.

DEAR SIR:—The other day were conversing respecting sions of faith. Some time ag wrote down, for my own use, a f propositions in the shape of articl intending to exhibit a very short s mary of the doctrines of the christ religion, as they impress my mi I have taken the liberty to encl a copy for your perusal. I am, with respect,

Yours, &c.,
D. WEBSTER.

I believe in the existence Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world. I am taught this by the works of nature, and the word of revelation.

I believe that God exists in three persons; this I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief, that I cannot comprehend how one can be three or three one. I hold it my duty to believe, not what I can comprehend or account for, but what my Maker teaches me.

I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word and word of God.

I believe Jesus Christ to be Son of God. The miracles he wrought, establish, in my mind, his personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever he asserts; I believe, therefore, all his declarations, as well when he declares himself to be the Son of God, as when he declares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation, than through the merits of his atonement.

I believe that things past, present and to come, are all equally present in the mind of the Deity; that with him there is no succession of time nor of ideas; that, therefore, the relative terms past, present, and future, as used among men, cannot with strict propriety, be applied to Deity.

I believe in the doctrines of foreknowledge and predestination, as they are expounded. I do not believe in these doctrines, as imposing any fatality or necessity on men's actions, or in any way infringing free agency.

I believe in the utter inability of any human being to work out his own salvation. without the constant aid of the Spirit of all grace.

I believe in those great peculiarities of the christian religion—a resurrection from the dead, and a day of judgment.

I believe in the universal Providence of God; and leave to Epicurus and his more unreasonable followers in modern time, the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which he does not take the trouble of governing.*

Although I have great respect for some other forms of worship, I believe the Congregational mode on the whole to be preferable to any other

I believe religion to be a matter not of demonstration, but of faith—God requires us to give credit to the truths which he reveals, not because we can prove them. When the mind is reasonably convinced that the Bible is the word of God, the only remaining duty is to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth and practise them with a pure heart.

I believe that the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its passages; since I cannot persuade myself that a book intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in any mystery and doubt, that none but critics and philosophers can discover it.

I believe that the experiments and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than enlighten the revealed will of God, and that he is the most accomplished christian scholar who had been educated at the feet of Jesus, and in the College of Fishermen.

I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and the affections, and that, therefore, all creeds and confessions are fallible and unsertain evidences of evangelical piety.

Finally, I believe that Christ has imposed on all his disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains only from what he thinks to be sinful, has performed but a part, and a small part of his duty; that he is bound to do good and communicate, to love his neghbor and give food and drink to his enemy, and to endeavor, as far as in him lies, to promote the peace, truth, piety and happiness in a wicked and forlorn world, believing that in the great day which is to come, there will be no other standard of merit, no other criterion of character, than that which is already established. "By their fruits ye shall know them."—[*Cong. Journal.*

*Dr. Sherlock

A down-east poet describes thus, after
e style of Longfellow, the elopement of
maiden with an Indian lover, and the
overy of the susceptible damsel by
e indignant father:

"Tell us how the dusky Indian
ught and won the pale-faced maiden;
ood her from her father's mansion
a great and wicked city,
ar the deep and mighty ocean—
How she fled from home and parents,
e, the school-girl, young and hand-
some,
th her lover, Johnny Newell,
the west or to the westward,
his wigwam small and smoky,
the margin of a river
lowing through a country village—
How she dwelt within his wigwam,
ade of poles and woven cotton,
eeping on the damp earth's bosom,
a ragged Indian blanket,
rough the chilly nights of autumn,
hen the harvest moon shone brightly—
ightly on the quiet landscape—
How her father missed his daughter,
Missed her and then the fact discovered,
That a young and swarthy Indian
Had decoyed her to his wigwam,
To his wigwam cold and cheerless,
o the margin of a river,
ear a pleasant country village,
here the hum of looms and spindles
eet the ear from morn till evening—
How the angry, injured father,
rmed himself with a revolver,
earing vengeance on John Newell,
ian, the "cussed little Injun,"
ho had robbed him of his daughter,
e made a dirty squaw of,
d to tend his red papooses,
a tent of poles and cotton—
How he sought his lost Maria,
Sought and found her Sunday morning—
unday morning, bright and lovely,
a smoky Indian wigwam,
With her lover, Johnny Newell,
From whose presence she was taken,
aken back to Boston City,
oston City near the ocean.
here the deeply injured father
oundly spanked his erring daughter,
anked her smartly, as he ought to!"

ersonal Character of Daniel Webster.

We have already published one
tract from the eloquent oration of
dward Everett, delivered on the
esentation of the bronze statue of
Webster, in Boston. But the fol-
lowing close to that admirable effort
s a passage of too much beauty, and
ontains too fervent a spirit of patri-
ism, to be omitted. Great as was
Daniel Webster, his fame receives
additional luster from the genius of
Everett:

"This is not the occasion to dwell upon the personal character of Mr. Webster, on the fascinations of his social intercourse, or the charm of his domestic life. Something I could have said on his companionable dispositions and habits, his genial temper, the resources and attractions of his conversation, his love of nature, alike in her wild and cultivated aspects, and his keen perception of the beauties of this fair world in which we live; something of his devotion to agricultural pursuits, which, next to his professional and public duties, formed the occupation of his life; something of his fondness for athletic and manly sports and exercises; something of his friendships, and of his attachments warmer than friendships,—the son, the brother, the husband and the father; something of the joys and sorrows of his home,—of the strength of his religious convictions, his testimony to the truth of the Christion Revelation; the tenderness and sublimity of the parting scene. Something of these topics I have elsewhere said, and may not here repeat.

Some other things, my friends, with your indulgence, I would say: thoughts, memories, which crowd upon me, too vivid to be repressed, too personal almost to be uttered.

On the 17th of July, 1804, a young man from New Hampshire arrived in Boston, all but penniless, and all but friendless. He was twenty-two years of age, and had come to take the first steps in the career of life at the capital of New England. Three days after arriving, he presented himself, without letters of recommendation, to Mr. Christopher Gore, then just returned from England, after an official residence of some years, and solicited a place in his office as clerk. His only introduction was by a young man as little known to Mr. Gore as himself, and who went to pronounce his name, which he did so indistinctly as not to be heard. His slender figure, striking appearance, large dark eye and massy brow, his general appearance indicating a delicate organization, his manly carriage and modest demeanor, arrested attention and inspired confidence. His humble suit was granted, he was received into the office, and had been there a week before Mr. Gore learned that his name was Daniel Webster! His older brother—older in years, but later in entering life—(for whose education Daniel, while teacher at the academy at Fryeburg, had drudged till midnight in the officeof Register of Deeds)—at that time taught a small school in Short street, (now Kingston street,) in Boston, and while he was in attendance at the commencement of Dartmouth, in 1804, to receive his degree, Daniel supplied his place. At that school, at the age of ten, Iwas then a pupil, and there commenced a friendship which lasted without interruption or chill, while his life lasted; of which, while mine lasts, the grateful recollection will never perish. From that time forward, I knew, I honored, I loved him. I saw him at all seasons and on all occasions, in the flush of public triumph,—in the intimacy of the fireside, in the most unreserved interchange of personal confidence, in health and in sickness; in sorrow and in joy; when early honors began to wreathe his brow, and in after life through most of the important scenes of his public career. I saw him on occasions that show the manly strength, and, what is better, the manly weakness of the human heart; and I declare this day, in the presence of heaven and of men, that I never heard from him the expression of a wish unbecoming a good citizen and a patriot,—the utterance of a word unworthy a gentleman and a christian; that I never knew a more generous spirit, a safer adviser, a warmer friend.

"Do you ask me if he had faults? I answer, he was a man. He had some of the faults of a lofty spirit, a genial temperament, and a warm and generous nature; he had none of the faults of a grovelling mean, and malignant nature. He had especially the "last infirmity of a noble mind." And had no doubt raised an aspiring eye to the highest object of political ambition. But he did it in the honest pride of a capacity equal to the station, and with a consciousness that he should reflect back the honor which it conferred, He might say with Burke, that "he had no arts but honest arts;" and if he sought the highest honors of the state, he did it by transcendent talent, laborious service and patriotic devotion to the public good."

"It was not given to him, any more than to the other members of the great triumvirate with whom his name is habitually associated, to attain the objeci of their ambition; but posterity will do them justice, and begins already to discharge the debt of respect and gratitude. A noble mausoleum in honor of Clay, and his statue by Hart, are in progress; the statue of Calhoun, by Powers, adorns the Court House in Charleston, and a magnificent monument to his memory is in preperation; and we present you this day, fellow citizens, the statue of Webster, in enduring bronze, on a pedestal of granite, from his native State, the noble countenance, modeled from life, at the meridian of his days and his fame, and his person produced, from faithful recollection, by the oldest and most distinguished of the living artists of this country. He sleeps by the multitudinous ocean, which he himself so much resembled, in its mighty movement and its mighty repose; but his monumental form shall henceforward stand sentry at the portals of the Capitol; the right hand pointing to the symbol of the Union on which the left reposes, and his imperial gaze directed, with the hopes of his country, to the boundless West. In a few short years we, whose eyes have rested upon his majestic person, whose years have drunk in the music of his clarion voice, shall have gone to our rest; but our children, for ages to come, as they dwell with awe-struck gaze upon the monumental bronze, shall say, O! that we could have seen, O! that we could have heard the great original.

"Two hundred and twenty-nine yeares ago, this day our beloved city received from the General Court of the Colony, the honered name of Boston. On the long roll of those whom she has welcomed to her nurturing bosom, is there a name that shines with a brighter lustre than his? Seventp-two years ago, this day, the Constitution of the United States was tendered to the acceptance of the people by George Washington. Who of all the gifted and patriotic of the land, that have adorned the interval, has done more to unfold its principles, assert its purity, and to promote its duration?

Here, then, under the cope of Heaven;—here, on this lovely eminence; here, beneath the walls of the Capitol of old Massachusetts; here, within the sight of those far New England villages: here, in the near vicinity of the graves of those who planted the germs of all this palmy growth; here, within the sound of sacred bells, we raise this monument, with loving hearts, to the Statesman, the Patriot the Fellow-Citizen, the Neighbor, the Friend.—Long may it guard the approach, to those halls of council; long may it look out upon a prosperous country; and if days of trial and disaster should come, add the arm of flesh should fail, doubt not that the monumental form would descend from its pedestal, to stand in the front rank of the peril, and the bronze lips repeat the cry of the living voice,—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseperable."

What the Telegraph would have saved.

What a world of trouble, annoyance, uncertainty and expense might have been saved to the Government of the Tnited States, in connection with the San Juan Island affair, had the telegraphic wires been stretched entirely across the continent, as they should have been long since! Reflect upon the facts for a moment.—Suppose the telegraph in working order from Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, to Washington City, when Gen. Harney was apprised of events at San Juan Island, which to the soldier seamed to demand instant and emphatic action. But the soldier could not well know what the diplomatists were doing at a point five thousand miles away by the most rapid means of communication. He could not understand all the little international arrangements devised by the statesmen to prevent John Bull and Brother Jonathan from treading upon each others corns, pending a little paper fight about the title to a bit of land in the Northwest,

With the magnetic telegraph at hand, however, he might have advised the Secretary of War at Washington of the fact that Mr. Cutler, having shot a trespassing boar, was in danger of being torn by the British lion, and could have asked orders as to his course. An hour or two, or a day, at most, would have brought him back an answer dictated by the wisdom of the American Cabinet, after consideration of all the facts, and all the little arrangements and understandings had between the two Governments. Of course, under such circustances, an unfortunate misunderstanding could not occur; nor could a collision be precipitated, which, the merest trifle in itself, might nevertheless involve two great nations in war.

But see how the case stands. We have not the telegraph. Gen. Harney, compelled to act upon his own authority and without instructions, placed himself and his Government in an attitude of hostility to the British authorities, who came very near precipitating a deadly conflict, with the most mischievous results. However the difficulty may eventually be settled, it has excited ill feeling which would have been much better avoided, if possible; and, it may be, that the United States will be compelled in honor to disavow the act of its officer, and make a humiliating apology to Her Britanic Majecsty for Gen. Harney's valiant defence of Mr. Cutler, the pork butcher of San Juan. Besides all this, at least two months of great uneasiness, on all sides would have been saved by means of the telegraph, to say nothing of the fatigue which the General-in-Chief of the American army must undergo in his voyage of 10,000 miles in coming to and returng from the Pacific coast. It is safe to say that, excet for the forbearance of the British naval authorities in the North, a collision with Gen. Harney would have been unavoidable. The firing of a single gun would have cost the the United States much more than the erection of the best possible line of magnetic telegraph from San Francisco to the Mississippi river. Will not Congress acquire a lesson from experience, and, at its approaching session, resolve the *liberal economy* of providing for the connection of the two oceans by telegraph without further delay.—*Weekly San Francisco Bulletin.*

☞ Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, who knows as well as any man the virtues of "old Monongahela," envies the Pittburgers their glorious supply of his favorite beverage. He says: "The Pittsburgers are fortunate: they get their delicious, pure drinking water from the Alleghany river, which bounds one side of their city, and are supplied with exhaustless quantities of Monongahela, which lave the other."

The Poor Little Maiden.]

The following pathetic little poem is from the last number of the *London Athenæum:*

A gentle face, and clear blue eyes,
The little Maiden hath, who plies
Her needle at the cottage door,
Or, with a comrade girl or more,
Group'd on the shady hedgerow grass,
I love to see her as I pass,
Humbly contented, simply gay,
And hear singing; many a day
I've carried far along my way
From that fair infant's look and voice
A strength which made my soul rejoice.

O sad! her father died last week;
Her mother knows not where to seek
Five children's food! the little Maid
Is far too young for other's aid.
Willingly would she do her best
To slave at strangers' rude behest;
But she is young and weak. Her thread,
From dawn till blinding rushlight sped,
Could never win her single bread.

And must the Poorhouse save alive
This Mother and her helpless five,
Where Guardians, no angelic band,
With callous eye and pinching hand,
Recive the wretched of their kin,
Cursing the law that lets them in?
I see her growing pale and thin,
Poor Child; the little needle-song
Is ended; and perhaps ere long
Her coffin jolting in their cart
To where the paupers lie apart.

Just from that cottage-step one sees
A Mansion with its lawn and trees,
Where man and wife are wearing old
Within a wilderness of gold,
Amidst all luxuries and graces,
Except the light of children's faces.
O had the little Maid forlorn
In that fine house been only born,
How she were tended, night and morn!
A long-tail'd pony then were hers,
And winter-mantle edg'd with furs,
And servants at her least command,
And wealthy suitors for her band.

W. A.

The South and the Presidency.

The following article, copied from the New York *Tribune* we insert more for its raciness, and a certain lively delineation of personal traits of character and mind of the different statesmen named in it, than for any concurrence in the opinions and predictions it expresses:

"The impression is that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency will be selected from the South. A large array of statesmen from that section of the Union are competing for the Charleston nomination. With two or three exceptions, they are all of about the same grade in respect to talent and position. Perhaps Wise has the most genius; he is doubtless the most erratic and original. Slidell is the most unscrupulous intriguer, and the most malignant politician. Guthrie, like his old coleague Marcy, has a vast fund of sound sense, but is rather arbitrary and dogmatical. Cobb shone as a parliamentarian, but has measurably failed in an administrative position. Stephens was overrated as a logician while a member of the House, tho' his self-assurance, indomitable will, and intuitive tact, fitted him for leadership in that turbulent body. Orr, plain, practical, and taking only level views of things, has rare executive talent, and, like Hammond of the Senate, is a marvel of moderation for a South Carolina. Davis is metaphysical and analytical, wears the prim air of a martinet of the Military Academy, and is one of the ablest apostles of the Slavery Propaganda. Brown is bold and blustering, commonplace and companionable. Breckenridge is plausible and popular, smooth and superficial; but, as he insists that he is not a candidate, we exclude him from the list. We need not waste ink in exposing the absurdity of the feeble attempts to make Houston the Charleston nominee. We have thus far omitted, but not forgotten, the name of R. M. T. Hunter—a man which in our judgment, combines, more than any other we have mentioned, those positive and negative qualities which the Southern Democracy need to secure all they want during the next four years, without driving over to the Opposition the great body of the Northern section of the party.

The Charleston Convention can only agree upon a candidate who has not been prominent either in supporting or opposing the novel theories on the subject of Slavery which have sprung into existence within the last dozen years. This rule, while it excludes men like Douglas on the one side, and like Davis on the other, precisely fits the case of Hunter. So, too, while the nominee must be a man whom the South will implicitly trust, he must be one whom the North can decently support. Is not the sure but conciliatory, the unflinching but urbane Hunter exactly that man? Reared and educated in the ultra Southern school, and always voting and acting with the States-Rights Democracy, he yet either keeps silence on all controverted questions respecting Slavery, or utters his views briefly and in ambiguous or inoffensive language.

More than twenty years ago Mr. Hunter entered the House of Representatives a moderate Calhounite. Then, as also in his early Senatorial career, he was ambitious to utter occasional speeches, carefully written and committed to memory, mystical and paradoxical with Carolina metaphysics and Virginia abstractions, glittering with sharp points, gleaming with ornate periods, and delivered with the measured gesture and mellow cadence of the Academy.—He has since learned that the high road to the Presidency is paved neither with fine-spun theories nor transcendental rhetoric. Chary and practical, he now affects finance, deals largely in political economy, lauds retrenchment, speaks briefly and pointedly, rarely utters a word on questions about which the Democracy are divided, and is a straight-forward business member of the Senate. When the hour for takiug up his Appropriation bill strikes, though Douglas, Seward, Toombs, Wade, Davis, and Fessenden, are holding the galleries spell-bound by a hand-to-hand combat over Cuba or Lecompton, he makes the inexorable call for "the order of the day," nor yields till the point is carried, and the Senate launched on a sea of figures, the excited combatants and spectators, chagrined at the sudden termination of the oratorical fray, retiring meanwhile to the lobbies to cool their hot blood.

Mr. Hunter is seemingly a middle-ground man, where extremes may consistently meet. He is neither the founder nor the leader of a party, like Clay and Calhoun; nor a propounder and exponent of measures, like Wright and Douglas. He never would have originated Texas annexation, or the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; nor, had he lived in the North, would he have ever dreamed of the Independent Treasury, or the Wilmot Proviso; nor, had he been compelled to fight the Illinois battle, would he have been supple and agile enough to escape defeat under a cloud of generalities about Popular Sovereignty and unfriendly legislation in the Territories.

Mr. Hunter has none of the infirmities of genius, because he has no constitutional predisposition to the disease. Calm, considerate, and strictly parliamentary, he is never liable to be called to order, and always shuns those personal collisions in which Douglas, Tooms, Wade, Fitch, Hale, Iverson, Green, and other courageous or impulsive Senators, North and South, are so often involved. These qualities, combined with a prudence which trenches on the neighboring of timidity, make him rather a commonplace parliamentarian. Though his speeches show research and ability, and exhibit an occasional tasteful and polished passage, they never startle by their originality, nor electrify by their eloquence. In that mental and social magnetism which characterizes leaders, he falls immeasurably behind Clay. In intellectual caliber he belongs rather to the type of Wright, but is his inferior in power of argument and sinks out of his sight in comparative breadth of views and liberality of opinions. With no salient points and accute angles, to startle and repel, like Douglas, and with none of Wise's proclivity to commit follies, he is just the smooth, oval man, easily approached and easily handled, whom the Democracy need as a rallying point in this crisis.

* * * *

Can he be nominated? To take even the first step in that direction, he must be backed by Virginia.—And here he meets a serious obstacle in the person of Gov. Wise, whom he must either crush, appease, or purchase. The gallant Governor is hard to kill, difficult to conciliate, and costly to buy. If the Donnelly letter has dampened his hopes, it has inflamed his animosities. He is more to be dreaded when fighting an enemy, than when defending himself.—He has many friends in Virginia, and through all the South. They know that the New York Softs betrayed the Donnelly letter to ruin him.—And they believe that of all the Southern candidates, Hunter is the favorite of the Softs. Unless Wise is a weaker antagonist than is generally supposed, Hunter must drive, coax, or bribe him out of his path, or he will prove a serious stumbling-block in his journey to Charleston.

POKING FUN AT THE EMPEROR.—Louis Napol
lately been making a tour
his provincial towns. The
respondent of the *Echo du*
gets off the following litt
pleasantry at his Majesty'
which we traslate, and
our columns:—*San Francis*

The excursion of the E
Tarbes and Saint Sauveur
made the occasion of a
ovations. The Bishop
made a long—perhaps,
speech to his Majesty, in
recalled the fact that in that
hood was located a chapel,
in 1807 Queen Hortens
pilgrimage to invoke the H
to bestow upon her anothe
place of the boy she had
lost; and that the Queen
ward celebrated, by a sole
her gratitude to the Virg
swering her vows, by the
a son, who, forty years
called to reign over the
France. This historical
cence, called up by the Bi
have the effect of causing
of Poeylaun to inherit a
the reputation that was
monastery in the neigh
Charters by the unguarde
of a peasant woman. A p
her way to that monastery
same object in view that
Hortense to Tarbes, inq
woman of the village if
saint of the holy place still
ed his famed miracles? "
responded the good wom
have sent us no more chil
the stoutest monk [*le plus*
moines] died.

SUCCESSFUL BOOKS.—
book only in a hundred is
When Campbell, at a liter
val, toasted Bonaparte as a
literature, because he o
bookseller shot, he was
rough on the trade. It is
always for a publisher to de
ly. All publishers are
shy of a new MS.—of
instance, for they know by
that the deadest of all dea
a dead volume of verse.
the best books, which have
had the largest sales, hav
manuscript, the most widel
The novel of *Jane E*
away from the doors of alm
respectable publishing hou
don, and was pulled, by ac
of a publisher's iron saf
had begun to grow moul
daughter of the bookseller
himself forgotten it. *Eo*
carried by its author, Mr.
to twenty different houses,
in a fit of despair, he gave
right away to an obscure
paying the expenses of publ
of his own pocket. Mr. T
Vanity Fair was rejecte
Colburn, for whose magaz
written—that astute gentle
plaining that there was no
it. A New York publish
the writer of a now popu
from spring to autumn, and
gave in from sheer inability
importunity longer. Afte
stereotyped, and before it
ed, he offered every indu
pursuade a brother booksell
it off his hands, but withou
In despair, he at last p
himself, and the sale went
000 in one season.

STEPHEN DeWO
ATTORNEY AND COU
AT LAW.

Great Salt Lake City, Utah T
Will attend pr mptly to collecti
business entrusted to his care.
OFFICE—the one formerly occupie
ce Smith, Esq., one door east
Greene's store.
2—tf.

$500 REWA
STOLEN from the We
STATION, forty-five miles east
City, Utah Territory, Octob r 23rd,
head of mules, branded

MA
on the neck. Five of them were al
P on the left shoulder, and ten of th
right shoulder.
ALSO, one dark iron Gray horse,
on the left, and X I on the right s
above reward will be given for the d
thieves to us at the Mail Station at
reasonable compensation for the mu
JONES, RUS
3—tf.

PROCLAMATIO
G. S. L. City, October 29,
EXECUTIVE OFFICE, U
THE Legis'ative Assem
Territory of Utah will hold its
sion at the Sociale Hall in Great
and after ten o'clock of the second M
ember, 1859, which is in accordance
on of the Assembly at its last sessi
ly approved by me.
A. CU
1-4t Governor of Utah

PARODY.

BY CHAW-SIR.

id was heard from the watchman's

h the wide streets we hurried
nd who in the neck was shot,"
aps would have to be buried.

m by gaslight at dead of night,
y a street corner turning;
e was found—O Lord what a sight!
ne was for spurning.

ort were the words we said,
earts were filled with sorrow;
df. sily gazed on the face of the dead—
drunk)
rly thought of the morrow.

he'd better be taken to bed,
ained head be laid on a pillow;
that the news would derisively spread
ountain, the plain and the billow.

'll speak of him when he is gone—
ly excesses upbraid him—
ecks he now, if they'll let him sleep on
e off the rum where we've laid him.

pfin enclosed his breast,
et, nor in shroud we bound him;
ke a Senator taking his rest,
ead heads all drinking around him.

of our heavy task was done,
lock told the hour for retiring;
d in the distance some son of a gun,
gne ferociously firing.

adly we left him alone
of his fame and his glory;
ut a line, and started it on
with the sad story.

humbug Lecture System.

The humbugs practised upedulity of the American lecture system is the greatne most hollow; for every even excepting the mock op, gives more value for received. The extent to people are bled by it, and inerant lecturers, literary nd committees make mostonishing. From one of ties we have received the invitation, which throws on the system, to which ake leave to add a little

CTON, N. J., Sept, 19, 1859.
on Bennett, Esq.,
the New York Herald:—
—The Literary Association e having determined to have lectures from distinguished the present winter, commenc-, we write to know whethbe so fortunate as to secure s for one night. We paid from $50 to $100 per night, the come this. Should you come, we would pay you early answer will be thanked. With great respect in e Association,
J. H. ROBINSON.
dress J. H. Robinson, Prince-

to the foregoing, we have we will not and cannot invitation. It appears is the highest sum paid for y of a lecture. The time the operation would be 00 to us. This sort of not in our line. We dctures in the *Herald* seven ek, and several of them hort and to the point, to sand subscribers and half f readears, at the small wo cents, giving more in- each copy than is con- thousand of the lectures, o every man who hears fifty cents, or at least f a dollar. But we have at the "Literary Associaceton" can be easily ac-. The *Tribune* publishlecturers' names annualry year the catalogue is nger, and the inundation ises higher and spreads over the country. From on this list "J. H. Robinselect enough of "distinn" for half-a-dozen coursres. He will find their ging from $100 down to r, or a pair of old breechs more than nine-tenths of worth. In fact they are price.

or Library is the principal y in which their composi- elaborated. They are stolen almost bodily from books, whose theories or been exploded; sometimes and sound works, which at lecturer not understandrds with his own lucubraperverts the whole into a absurdity, in which sound ver sense. There is no-, no information brought ate, for these men are not anything except in the art y of their own swindling Their lectures abound in ons and in the grosest blunplifying the adage that a ning is a dangerous thing." these lectures are made ps and odds and ends from old reviews, magazines and encyclopedias—a patchwork put clumsily and unskilfully together, without consistency, symetry or unity of design.

Thus the literary *chiffonniers*, without original ideas, without brains, and without a liberal education, go to work at the Astor Library or some other, and produce a worthless lecture, the copyright of which would not sell for $20. No good newspaper would deem it worth $5. Yet this is delivered the first time for $50, perhaps for $100, and the dose is repeated to other audiences on the same terms, till it has gone the rounds of the "literary societies."—An original book, with solid information or pleasant reading, worth a hundred lectures, might be purchased for the price of admission, and would be worth nearly what was paid for it in twenty years after, whereas the lecturer leaves nothing behind him worth preserving. So incompetent are many of these *literateurs* who thus make a living by cheating simpletons with their wares, like "Peter Funk," who passes off upon a green countryman a pinchbeck or or galvanized watch for pure gold, that they could not write a decent article for a first class journal if it were to save their necks from the gallows. What gives them security is the fact that their compositions are not worth reporting in the newspapers, for if once published they could not be repeated, and the lecturer would have to commence *de novo* to get up another essay, and this process would not pay. Their publication, moreover, might provoke some scathing criticisms, and this would be ruinous in a double sense. The lecturers are therefore continually at the mercy of the newspapers, and they beg hard of the reporters not to publish them in full, but only to "give just a little notice of them"—a very unnecessary request on their part and which they would never make if they only knew in what contempt their performances are held both by reporters and editors. The chief merit of some of these affairs is in the delivery, or in the elaborations of high-sounding verbiage, which tickles the ear for the moment, but leaves not a trace of an idea or a shadow of information on the mind. there is no connection, no arguments, no facts, nothing that can be remembered.

The literary societies and committees make a good thing of these lectures on the whole, though sometimes they are "done brown" by failures. They use their local influence and put forth all their exertions in selling the tickets, which they often get off their hands under the most fraudulent representations. Without such appliances none of the lecturers who go about the country could make their expenses. There was a time when some rather clever men had a monopoly of the business, and made a handsome income out of it; but those days are gone by, and now the thing is overdone, and driven into the ground, and scarcely any able man will accept an invitation to lecture. If he does, he follows in the beaten track, and will not bestow the pains required for a good original composition. He depends on his reputation and his name, and with these cheat the audiance out of their quarters. Some of the fools think they are amply repaid by seeing his face. Many clergymen thus add to their incomes by lectures which cost them less toil and have less merit than one of their ordinary sermons. The truth is that the talent, learning and labor necessary to produce a good lecture could not be purchased by any literary society; for if the lecture had decided merit it could not be repeated, and would pay worse than the poorest composition. The newspapers would report it on its first delivery, and give it to the reader, with a variety of other interesting matter, for two cents, thus destroying its marketable value to the writer. It would pay him better, therefore to send it to a review or to publish it in the form of a book.

While we express these opinions of the lecture system generally we are aware that there are some exceptions—"like angels visits, few and far between"—in which both profit and pleasure may be derived by the audience. Among these may be classed such lectures as those delivered by Dr. Livingtone, giving an account of his own experience in new and untrodden countries in Africa, and of Dr. Kane, whose interesting and instructive descriptions, from personal observation, of wonderful Arctic regions, where civilized man had never set foot before, furnished food for the intellect and the imagination of his delighted audiences. The lectures of such men as Lardner, Herschel, and our own Professor Mitchell, giving an account in glowing language of their own discoveries, or those recently made by other scientific men, may also be ranked among the exceptions to the general rule, and, with a very few others, may be regarded as oases in the barren desert of the lecture system, which has become the last refuge of literary loafers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Anecdote of Lord Brougham.

We have heard (and the story has an air of *vraisemblance*) that one day as Brougham was leaving the House of Lords, he met a friend who was proudly escorting two very handsome young ladies.

"Ah! Brougham," was his greeting. "I am sorry you are leaving; because my fair young friends had made up their minds to hear you address the House."

"Then," retorted Brougham, casting an eye of admiration upon his expectant audience, "they shall not be disappointed."

And forthwith he returned into his accustomed place among the peers, whilst the ladies were escorted to the gallery. Lord Melbourne was then in office, and when the first pause in the proceedings occurred, up jumps Brougham with a question upon some intricate matter of foreign policy. The poor premier smiles amiably, but hopelessly; he is not acquainted with the facts; no notice has been given of the question; he is very sorry, but must inquire for information. This was all that Brougham required. Once more he rises, but this time with that terrible frown upon his brow, and that rugged voice with which he knew so well how to crush an opponent. A philippic against the incapacity of the ministry, the negligence with which public affairs were conducted, the shameful supineness and indifference manifested by the advisers of the Queen, was poured forth with all the rough strong, rapid eloquence of which this man alone was capable. Lord Melbourne cowered in his seat; the rumors of this great speech brought loungers from the Commons to listen to what seemed the death blow of the minstry; Queen Victoria herself heard what was going on, and trembled for her amiable minister. A leading article appeared in the next morning's *Times*, treating the speech as something of the last importance, and it was only made after all to please a pair of pretty women in the gallery, who took it as they would any other tribute of homage to their beauty—a bouquet, a box at the opera, a whitebait dinner or a new bonnet.

It is a current anecdote about the Edinburg *Review*, that, upon one occasion, Brougham being in want of money, wrote to Constable for a thousand pounds, coolly stating that he should soon clear it off by his writing in the Edinburg, and that some time during the said process of "clearing." a number came of which Brougham had written every article but two.

How Different Persons View the Same Things.—A lady in Syracuse lately fell out of a fourth story window and was preserved from injury, her crinoline expanded in the air catching under and letting her down gently, parachute like. A young gentleman, of a poetical temperament, who happened to see this feat from a distance, likened the appearance of the woman in her descent to that of a vast pile of fleecy clouds . apidly descending the horizon; while a matter-of-fact Dutchman, who had a much nearer view, said she looked to him just like "one huge umprella, with two shticks."

A most valuable discovery of diamonds has lately been made at the foot of the Oral Mountains, Russia. One consigned to Mr. R——, of Batheaston, as a specimen, brought the lucky owner the enormous sum of £60,000. There is every reason to belive that a mine of inexhaustible wealth has been discovered.

A Retort Direct.—A clergman from a neighboring town, and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell on his back. The minister, lookinng at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do, but I can't."—*Providence Post.*

☞ He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who will only tell us of our merits, so it silences our enemies, from whom we alone can learn our defects.

Birth.—Born in Colorado City Aug. 28th, Colorado Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnson, last of Pennsylvania. In consideration of its being the first birth in the embryo city of Colorado, a share of eigh lots was donated to the new comer.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

Presentation.—Mr. Harris, the American Consul at Japan, has been presented with a magnificent gold snuff-box by Queen Victoria. The box is about six inches in length, four in width, and two in depth, and is of wrought gold handsomely washed.—On the top is the Queen's cipher surrounded by a wreath of diamonds.—The gift is a splendid one, and is valued at $2,000.

When Alexander was giving away estates and domains, with lavish prodigality, before setting forth on his eastward march, Perdiccas asked him what he reserved for himself. Hope—was the sole reply. And the whole secret of his wondrous career of insatiable conquest, fearless intrepidity and boundless aspiration, lies wrapped up in that sublime answer.

Homicide in Carson Valley.—Carson City, Sept. 13th. The San Francisco *Hearld* of the 14th, says:

This morning at 13 miles from this place, J. Newman, restaurant keeper, and sailer Jack, waiter, had some difficulty settling accounts. Jack drew his pistol and dropped it, and by the time he picked it up to fire, Newman shot him, killing instanly. Newman came to this place and gave himself up to U. S. Marshal Winters, and awaits the action of Judge Cradelbaugh, who is now in California.

☞ "Women's rights, women's nonsense," said Rosa Bonheur, on being questioned as to her feeliugs on the subject. "Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works, and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint the 'Horse Fair,' for which England paid me forty thousand franks, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint, and I cultivated it.

Mr. A. D. Richardson, one of the gentlemen who signed the famous Pike's Peak report with Mr. Greeley, and a very clever, spirited writer, proposes to lecture during the coming season on "Pike's Peak" and "Out West."

MILLER, RUSSELL & CO.

GOODS AT COST!

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the Public that they will be in receipt of Fifty one wagon loads of Goods on or about the 17th inst., comprising an extensive assortment of

Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes,
Groceries, Hats & Caps
Clothing, &c.,

which, together with their well-selected Stock now on hand, they will sell, at their store in this city, by the piece or package, at Cost and Twenty Cents freight.

The attention of Country Dealers and those desirous of purchasing their family supplies is called to the inducements thus held out, as we are determined to sell on the terms set forth above.

1-tf MILLER, RUSSELL & CO.

MILLER, RUSSELL & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS

LIQUORS AND GROCERIES.

—ALSO—

OUTFITTING GOODS GENERALLY,

AT

G. S. L. City, Camp Floyd,
Fort bridger, Fairfield, and
Millersville.

The attention of the public is invited to their stock on hand, and to arrive.

1-tf

Ho! for America!!

WEEKLY PASSENGER LINE!

Fare Reduced!

IMPROVED ACCOMMODATIONS!

COACHES leave Salt Lake City for the States every Friday morning—for St. Joseph, Mo., and Leavenworth, Kansas.

Passengers taken at the reduced price of $175.

Meals furnished at the different stations at REASONABLE RATES.

No responsibility assumed for baggage.

For passage, apply to Miller, Russell & Co., Salt Lake City. n36-tf

George Cronyn & Co.

HAVING purchased the well-selected stock of H. S. Eldredge & Co., consisting of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, &c.,

beg leave to say they have now opened the goods at

George Cronyn's Old Stand,

near Bishop Hunter's, and offer them at retail.—they assure the public they have put prices at a low figure.

☞ You are invited to call and examine.

The stock consists in part of

STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Groceries,
Hardware,
Oils, Turpentine,
Alcohol,
Window Glass,
Hay and Manure Forks,
Shovels, Spades,
Scythes and Snaths,
Cotton Yarn,
Dye-Stuffs, &c.

Terms cash, or ready pay. Produce of all kinds taken. 1-tf

To the Traveling Public.

STAGE, LIVERY AND EXPRESS NOTICE.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the inhabitants of this City and Camp Floyd, that he has now in successful operation, a Daily line of stages running from Salt Lake City to Camp Floyd, and from Camp Floyd to Salt Lake City, leaving each point punctually at 8 a. m., and arriving at 2 p. m.

He has now four changes of horses on the road, also good and commodious Coaches, and careful drivers; therefore he feels warranted in saying that he can carry passengers through in six hours.

LIVERY NOTICE.

He will be ready to receive horses on Livery May 10th, by the day, week, or month, at his new Stable, in Salt Lake City, on the most reasonable terms.

Horses and Carriages to let at all hours, night or day.

ESPECIAL NOTICE.

He will run an Express, in connection with his stage line between Camp Floyd and Salt Lake City. No letters will be received or carried, by him, except the Postage is prepaid, on each letter 25 cents.

All passenger's baggage, weighing over 40 pounds will be charged at the rate of 5 cents per pound.

All packages weighing under 10 pounds will be taken for 50 cents each.

All over 10 pounds will be taken at the rate of 5 cents per pound.

The undersigned will not be responsible for any Trunk, Package, Parcel, or any other species of property whatever, except receipted for by his agents at each end of the route.

A Liberal share of public patronage is earnestly solicited.

Office in Salt Lake City, next door to the Post Office. PARMENIO A. JACKMAN,
1-tf Proprietor.

LAST TRAIN, AND

BEST GOODS!

ROGERS, SHROPSHIRE & ROSS

WISH to call attention to their large assortment of **Merchandise** now offered for sale at the Store house recently occupied by C. H. Bassett.

The people of this City and the public generally are assured that OUR Stock of Goods CAN NOT be surpassed in this market, either for Quality or CHEAPNESS.

We have the **Best Variety** and the **LARGEST ASSORTMENT** of FINE

DRESS GOODS

ever opened in this City.

SPLENDID DRESS SILKS,
CASHMERES,
MERINOS,
ALPACAS,
DELAINES,
LAWNS,
GINGHAMS,
CHAMBROYS,
JACONETT AND
SWISS MUSLINS,
CRINOLIINE,
CHALIS,
RIBBONS,
VELVETS,
AND ALL SORTS OF TRIMMINGS.
SHAWLS,
CLOAKS,
MANTILLAS,
PARASOLS,
and every variety of
LADIES' GOODS,
CLOTHS, SATINETTS,
CASSIMERES, TWEEDS,
CORDUROYS, BOOTS AND
SHOES,
HATTS AND
CAPS, AND
READY-MADE
CLOTHING.
GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS.

A full list of Yankeenotionss.

Don't forget Good and **Cheap.**

ROGERS, SHROPSHIRE & ROSS

1—tf.

NEW GROCERY STORE

OPENED.

One Door North of Nixon's.

TO the citizens of Utah.---Call and see at the new grocery store, one door above Nixon's Store, it Hord & Dickson are not selling every thing in the Grocery line

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

We have now opened and ready for sale, wholesale or retail, one of the best selected stock of

STAPLE GROCERIES

ever brought to this market, consisting in part of the following articles:---

Sugar, coffee, tea, rice, dried apples, soap, candles, molasses, starch, pepper, spice, alum, copperas, saltpetre, madder, indigo, powder, lead, shot, caps, vinegar, vanilla rope, ginger, mustard, oassia, sauces of every kind, brandy, fruits, flavoring extracts, matches of every kind, nuts of all kinds, borax, resin, cotton and hemp twine, pipes and stems, smoking and chewing tobacco, nutmegs and cloves, pickles, sugar of lemon, blacking and brushes, preserves of every kind, and many other things too tedious to mention.

We will sell all of the above articles at as low figures as any house in Salt Lake City, and every thing alike, not one high and another low.

We also have a lot of Ames' celebrated sugar cure Hams, put up expressly for this market.

Come with the cash and see our goods, and we know you will purchase.

We also wish to purchase a few hundred good oxen.

1-tf HORD & DICKSON.

100 WAGONS

JUST ARRIVED FROM THE STATES

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED ONE LARGE STOCK OF

Dry Goods,
Liquors,
Hats & Caps,
Boots & Shoes,
Clothing
Hardware,
Outfitting Goods,
Harness,
Saddles,
& Bridles,

Which we will exchange for FLOUR and GRAIN, in fact all kinds of

Country Produce.

Our stock has been selected with great care, and is well adapted to the wants of the people of this section.

We would call the attention of Country Merchants and large dealers generally to the above, as we will offer them such inducements as will enable them to make satisfactory purchases.

ALSO,

75 light Chicago WAGONS; 250 large AMERICAN MULES; 250 fine AMERICAN WORK CATTLE; one fine MALTESE JACK; one fine STALLION. For sale by 1-tf C. A. PERRY & CO.

WANTED:

A FEW good Mules in exchange for good Working Cattle. Apply to
2-tf GILBERT & GERRISH.

WORK CATTLE.

100 YOKE of Work Cattle in good working condition for sale by
1-tf GILBERT & GERRISH.

Hockaday & Bury,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

MERCHANTS,

Have opened in their

NEW STORE ROOM

ON MAIN STREET,

A large Assortment of

MERCHANDIZE

Specially selected for this market.

☞ Liberal discounts made to Country merchants. 1-tf

DRUGS! CHEMICALS!

PERFUMERIES.

Spring & Summer Trade of 18-59.

ALEX. LEITCH,

MARBLE BUILDING,

CORNER OF FOURTH AND OLIVE STREETS,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

TAKES pleasure in inviting attention to his SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,
PURE RE-AGENTS, and
PHARMACEUTICAL
PREPARATIONS,

of which he has a very full and varied assortment, and of the best and purest quality. He would direct the attention of the Profession to his usually large Stock of

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,

selected with care, and made by the most celebrated manufacturers, and with all the latest improvements.

He would commend to the notice of those in want of

TOILETTE ARTICLES,

including every variety, English and French, with assortment of

PERFUMERIES,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,
POMADES AND SOAPS.

He has replenished his Liquor Stock with a large supply of the choicest

BRANDIES, WINES, AND GIN,

And is also prepared to fill all orders for *Congress and other Mineral Waters* of which he is the sole Agent for St. Louis.

His stock of MEDICINE CHESTS and PILL BAGS is large, and has been selected with special reference to the

PIKE'S PEAK TRADE, AND THE PLAINS.

1-tf

L. & A. CARR,

WHOLESALE

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND

Blank-Book Manufacturers,

149 *Main Street,*

ST. LOUIS MO.

KEEP constantly on hand all the standard spelling books, arithmetics, grammars, geographies, philosophies, reading books, histories, dictionaries, &c., now in use in the Public Schools of the West, which they offer at the LOWEST PRICES.

Their stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC STATIONERY,

BLANK BOOKS

PRINTING AND WRITING PAPER,

has been selected with the greatest care, and is equal to any in the West. Having an

EXTENSIVE BINDERY

attached to their establishment, they are prepared to manufacture all kinds of Blank Books to order and at the shortest notice. 1-tf

GERARD B. ALLEN. OLIVER BAKER.

FULTON IRON WORKS,

Second & Carr Sts., St. Louis.

GERARD B. ALLEN & Co.

MANUFACTURE High and Low pressure Steam Engines, Boilers, Iron Work, Saw and Grist Mill Machinery, Tobacco and Lard Screw and Brass and Iron Castings of every description, Circular Saw Mills of the Patent Childs Patents. 1y

STRAYED

FROM the herd at the Hot Spring Brewery, two BLACK MULES, branded on near shoulder, and R H on near thigh. Suitable reward to have gone towards Salt Lake City. $20 reward will be paid for their delivery to the subscriber at the Brewery.

40-tf ROBT. HERRON.

NOTICE.

WE having taken the house formerly occupied by Gilbert, Gerrish & Ives, at Camp Floyd, it will in future be well supplied with a good assortment of goods, and one of the partners will be here all the time. Our friends will please call and see us.

39-tf GILBERT & GERRISH.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned at CAMP FLOYD, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. Dyer, Bro's, & Co., at Camb Floyd are authorized to settle their business R. H. DYER.
1 tf GILBERT & GERRISH.

NEW GOODS.

WE would respectfully announce to the citizens of Salt Lake City and vicinity that we are now receiving and opening, at the door north of Messrs. Gilbert & Gerrish, and late of Camp Floyd, our large stock of Merchandize, which has been selected with great care, expressly for the market, and which we are determined to sell as low as any house in the city.

We would say to Ladies that we have a large stock of Dress Goods, suitable to their wants, which we would be pleased to have them call and examine.

40-tf DYER, BRO., & CO.

100 COOK STOVES for Sale by 40-tf DYER BRO. & CO.

5000 LBS. SHEET IRON, for sale by DYER, BRO. & CO. 40-tf

WE have 150 yoke of CATTLE to sell or exchange for Country Produce. DYER, BRO. & CO. 40-tf

THOMAS S. WILLIAMS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in all the courts of the Territory, and especially in the U. S. District Courts, and Supreme Court. He will give efficient attention to all professional engagements.

OFFICE—One door North of Post Office, Salt Lake City. 1-tf

THE VALLEY TAN.

SIX DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 2.

THE VALLEY TAN

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

STEPHEN DeWOLF

TERMS:

Single copy for one year, $6, if paid in advance; or $8, if not paid in advance.

Advertisements inserted per square of ten lines or less, for $1 50 for the first insertion; and 75 cts. for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal deduction will be made to persons who advertise by the quarter.

The Repulse at the Peiho.

A sudden spirt of angry fire,
With wreaths of vapor curling high
Break through the silent air;
And, ere the loosened matting falls
From half the cartained fortress wall
A hundred guns are bare.

Now comes at last the battle-hell;
Through oak and iron, shot and shell
In quick succession crash;
The clouds of smoke conceal the sun
And thundering gun replies to gun
And flash succeedeth flash.

The splinters from the blood-stained wall
Like arrows fly, but cannot check
The British seaman's fire.
No! let his vessel sink or swim,
The deuce a care is that to him,
If fighting he expire.

Strain, rowers! strain your arms and blades!
Through mud and water Britain wades
Despite their howls and shooting;
Press onward through the iron rain
And rudely trample down the slain
'Twill give you firmer footing!

Fall backwards—now the failure!
And linger on the bloody shore.
As if within your beds;
Wait calmly in the evening air,
While grape and gingall bullets tear
Around your honored heads!

Stand in the boat's ghastly light
The mud shall be your bed to-night
Those plunge and choking sink;
No boats to bear you through the slime
To doctors and to chloroform!
We mark your fate and think.

All sacred to Moloch's might,
In useless, ill-conducted fight;
There let them fall and sleep;
They yield a crop of K. O. B.'s,
Although across the rolling seas
Some gentle eyes may weep.

Now sound the requiem through the air!
The mud is all their winding sheet
Their lullaby the wave!
While rude Mongolians boast around
O'er all the wide celestial ground,
How sood the foreign devils found
A bullet-furrowed grave.

They sleep with many thousands more
By Balava's rock built shore,
On wind-swept Inkermann;
And with the nobles of the brave,
Who found a sun-steeped Indian grave
In further Hindostan.

Brave soldiers! Never country bore
Her sons more free from craven dread
Who calmer dare to stand;
And gaze into the eyes of Death,
Or murmur, with their parting breath
The war-cry of their land.

[*China Mail, (Hongkong)*

The following is Horace Greeley's closing letter, written from California during his late tour, and contains the summing up of his opinions in regard to the State, its inhabitants, prospects, etc. The letter is an interesting one and will repay perusal:

An Overland Journey.

XXXIII.

CALIFORNIA—SUMMING UP.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 4-5, 1859.

The entire area of this State officially estimated as containing a fraction less than one hundred millions of acres; but, as this total includes bays as well as lakes, &c., the actual extent of unsubmerged land can hardly exceed ninety millions of acres, or rather more than nine times the area of New Hampshire or Vermont—perhaps twice the area of New York. It is only a guess on my part, but one founded on considerable travel and observation, which makes not more than one-third of this extent—say thirty millions of acres—properly arable; the rest being either ruggedly mountainous, hopelessly desert, or absorbed in the *tule* marshes which line the San Joaquin and perhaps some other rivers. The arable thirty millions of acres is nearly the area of all New England except Maine—are scarcely equalled in capacity of production by an equal area on earth. They embrace the best vinelands on this continent, to the extent of many millions of acres, and an area capable of producing